

The most lamentable Tragedie

Exit all but Marcus and Titus.

Marcus. My Lord to step out of these drie dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanced in Rome?

Titus. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?

*Enter the Emperor, Tamora and her two sonnes, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lauinia with others.*

Saturn. So *Bassianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.

Bassi. And you of yours my Lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

Satur. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassia. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possesse of that is mine.

Satur. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs,
But if we liue wee be as sharpe with you.

Bassian. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

of *Titus Andronicus*

To be contrould in that he frank
Receave him then to fauour *Satur*
That hath exprest himselfe in all
A Father and a friend to thee and

Titus. Prince *Bassianus* leaue t
Tis thou, and those, that haue d
Rome and the righteous heauens
How I haue lou'd and honoured

Tamora. My worthy Lord if e
Were gracious in those princely
Then heare me speake indifferen
And at my sute (sweete) pardon

Satur. What Madam, be dish
And basely put it vp without re

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the
I should be Author to dishonour
But on mine honour dare I vnder
For good Lord *Titus* innocencie
Whose fury not dissembled spea
Then at my sute looke graciousl
Loose not so noble a friend on v
Nor with sowre lookes afflict hi

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be w
Dissemble all your griefes and di
You are but newly planted in y
Least then the people, and Patri
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* par
And so supplant vs for ingratitude
Which Rome reputes to be a hair
Yeeld at intreats, and then let m
He finde a day to massacre them
And race their faction and their
The cruell Father, and his trayt
To whome I sued for my decre

To

C.